

## **“Echoes of Hanna”**

She was just a girl when the world  
Broke.

Fourteen, tall for her age,  
Pretending to be older,  
Because lies like that could save a life.  
Could save *her* life.

Riga came first.  
Barbed wire wrapped around her  
Childhood  
Like a fist around a flame.  
Theresienstadt followed,  
Where every breath was a rebellion,  
Every heartbeat a question:  
“Will I see tomorrow?”

She made it out.  
Three days before her birthday,  
Th oppressors ran,  
But they couldn't take the memories  
With them.  
Those stayed.  
They dug trenches in her soul.

And I think about her now,  
how she stood there,  
telling her story with a steady voice,  
teaching me what strength really

means.

Not the kind that wins wars,  
But the kind that survives them.

She made me see the world differently

-

How fragile it is,  
How dangerous silence can be,  
How hatred doesn't just explode- it  
Builds,  
Brick by brick,  
Until no one can breathe.

Hanna taught me to listen,  
To speak,  
To see people as people,  
Not numbers or strangers or enemies.

She taught me  
That survival is an act of defiance,  
And love is the greatest weapon of all.  
Her story isn't just history.

It's a warning.  
It's a call to fight for what's right,  
To remember what happens when we  
Don't.

And it's a reminder-  
That even in the darkest places,  
The human spirit can still shine.